

"IT IS ERROR ALONE WHICH
NEEDS THE SUPPORT OF
GOVERNMENT; TRUTH CAN
STAND BY ITSELF."
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE BROAD AX

"BY THE ETERNAL WE
SHALL SEE WHO IS GOING
TO RULE, THE MONEY
POWER OR THE PEOPLE."
—ANDREW JACKSON.

HEW TO THE LINE.

VOL. II. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 27, 1897. No. 27.

VISIT OF THE IDAHO LEGISLATURE.

LAST Monday the whole of the Idaho Legislature was in our city, and met in joint session with the Legislature of our State in the hall of the House in the City and County Building.

For two and a half hours the law makers of the respective States indulged themselves in expressions of friendship, in flights of oratory, in parliamentary tactics, and especially did the visitors set forth with earnestness the beauties, the great resources and the grandeur of Utah.

The Idaho people came for the purpose of learning by actual observation something about their southern neighbors, and more particularly of Salt Lake City. Many of them had never been here before, but had read of our State and her world-renowned capital. Some had longed since childhood to see Salt Lake City and meet her people, and now for the first time they learned that Zion's capital and her inhabitants were greater than they had ever anticipated.

The three or four Republicans were almost lost in the Democratic throng, but occasionally a faint cry would be heard from the disciples of McKinley and the protectors of the lamb.

Any one who believes that the cause of silver is a thing of the past and that the people have concluded to let it drop, need only to have been present on this legislative jubilee in order to have been convinced of the fact that the cause of silver is a sterling reality. Every expression upon this question was greeted with applause and there was manifested a feeling that spoke louder than words that this, the cause of the people, would eventually triumph.

The great good which will be derived by the respective States by the exchange of ideas through their legislative representatives cannot be measured in dollars and cents. There is nothing except an imaginary line separating these two commonwealths. But on the contrary, there are solemn ties binding them into an indestructible union of indestructible States. They are intermountain States with common interests, with common hopes and aspirations, and by this commerce of ideas and observation they can the better work out a common end and a common good.

SILVER REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WITHOUT doubt there will be organized, before long, a National Silver Republican party. On the 23rd inst., the silver Republicans of the Senate and the House sent out an address to all the silver Republicans of the United States. It urges upon all silver Republicans, and those who care to affiliate with them, the great necessity of effecting state and national organizations, so that concerted action can be taken in settling the great monetary issue right.

Those who signed the address, show by its tenor, that there is no hope for silver under the hands of the McKinley administration. As far as the Republican party is now constituted, silver has no place to lay its head. Therefore, those Re-

publicans who are friends to the white metal are left to the alternative of either kicking over the Republican traces or marching along without a silver banner.

This action will not alarm the hosts of the silver Democrats, who constitute almost the entire membership of the Democratic party. For they espoused this cause in the late campaign, and, with the great leader, fell but little short of a victory. And the party of Jefferson and Jackson will, in 1900, again have vindicated its love for the people.

SEMPER PARATUS.

BRAVE Brother Billie, of the Plain Double-Dealer, and Uncle Andy Campbell and a great many other fools throughout the United States, entertain the idea that every negro throughout the world, ought to regard Major McKinley as being the greatest friend of the negro race that has ever appeared above the horizon; for the simple reason, that while the major was governor of Ohio, he, the major, refrained from racing around over the country long enough to prevent three or four thousand of his white Republican friends from lynching a member of our race, who had proven himself to be a violator of the law.

We are utterly opposed to mob or lynch law; but we do not think that Mr. McKinley is deserving of any more credit for doing his duty than any other governor. In our opinion, Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, has proven himself to be a better friend of the negro, than what the advance agent of prosperity has.

If President McKinley will select some of the brightest sons of our race to serve as postmaster of Chicago, New York, Boston, or for any other first-class northern city, then we will call him a true friend of the black race. Or, if he will appoint B. T. Washington, or any other first-class negro as a member of his cabinet, then we will fall down and offer up our thanks to the gods, for bringing forth a true lover of the human race. Or, if our next President will commission our highly esteemed friend, the Hon. W. W. Taylor, to serve as ambassador to the Court of St. James; or, if he will send this distinguished gentleman as minister extraordinary to any first-class white republic, then we will crawl on our hands and knees all the way from this beautiful city of Zion to the city of Washington; and we will kiss the hem of President McKinley's garment, and call him the greatest, the bravest, the noblest and the grandest white man in this universe. But, if he does not appoint some worthy member of our race, to one of the above-mentioned positions, then we shall be compelled to call President McKinley the greatest demagogue of the nineteenth century.

We pause for a reply.

W. W. Taylor, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in informing you that I have been out of the city for the past ten days, and any conversation that Mrs. J. F. Taylor had with your wife during my absence cuts no figure whatever with me.
I remain yours respectfully,
JULIUS F. TAYLOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 26, 1897.

THE SEELY DINNER.

NEW YORK society has had a severe shock and is very much worked up over the disgraceful proceedings which were enacted at the Seely dinner. It has been heralded by the press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it has been discussed by the leading ministers of New York, and has been the leading topic of women, prominent in society, in the clubs, and those that take an active part in all reform movements throughout the land; and the general verdict seems to be, that it was an outrage on the moral welfare of society.

What makes the affair more shocking, is to think it was given in honor of a leading society young man, who is soon to lead a beautiful and pure-minded young woman to the altar. It is said, men representing heads of families, witnessed and revelled in the low scenes that transpired on this occasion. A beautiful example, indeed, for men of wealth and social standing to set before the world, in this supposed-to-be elevating period of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Mary Lease, of Kansas, in addressing a public gathering of notable women in New York last week, on the subject, said: "I have come from the great liberty-loving prairies of the West, where women's influence is felt; where we have not become civilized enough to have Seely dinners, and to have nude women dance before men for their edification. Women of New York should obtain the ballot, for women's influence is needed right here. Obtain the ballot and strike down the beasts of drunkenness and lust."

These sarcastic remarks from Mrs. Lease, created a profound sensation and a flutter of excitement among the women, but Mrs. Lease came out victorious, as she held quite an informal reception on the platform, after the speaking.

CARTER H. HARRISON, JR.

THE above named gentleman is the nominee of the People's party of Chicago for Mayor of that city. And there is not the slightest doubt but what he will be nominated as the standard bearer of the free silver Democrats for the same office.

We had the honor of knowing Carter H. Harrison, Sr., and he was the best Mayor that Chicago has ever had. Mayor Harrison was a Southern gentleman, but he was one of the best and warmest friends that the negro race has ever had in this country. It was he who first appointed a young negro woman to act as one of the clerks in the city library of that city. It was he who first appointed ten black men to serve as bridge tenders in the great windy city, at salaries ranging from two to three thousand dollars per year. It was he who organized the first company of negro firemen in this country, and they have served the city of Chicago well and faithfully during the past twenty-three years. It was no uncommon sight to see Mayor Harrison and some old colored man or woman walking and talking together on the busy thoroughfares of that wonderful city. When he returned from his tour around the world hundreds of the best and brightest members of our race turned out to help welcome him home. The murdered Mayor retained the friendship of a great majority of the negroes of Chicago until his

very last day on earth, and over six thousand of them followed his remains to their last resting place.

The Broad Ax hopes that Carter H. Harrison, Jr., will become the next Mayor of Chicago, for we know that he is a true friend of the negro race.

COL. INGERSOLL'S POEM OF LIFE.

One of the Prettiest Pieces of Word Painting in the Language.

BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes, learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabb'd and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built, with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unadvised gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thoughts and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star about the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to the horizon, where the dusk is waiting for that night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

BROTHER TAYLOR, you state in the last issue of the Plain Double-Dealer, that we have cried out, hold, enough. We deny your statement. And we wish to assure you that we intend to fight you and your gang of hell-hounds until hell freezes over.

PROFESSIONAL.

MOYLE, ZANE & COSTIGAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.
Deseret National Bank Bldg.

DICKSON, ELLIS & ELLIS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Rooms 512 to 515 Progress Building.

RAY VAN COTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Room 351 City and County Building.

FERGUSON & CANNON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
332 Constitution Building.

CHAS. W. STAYNER,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law.
Private legal advisor. Rooms 303 and 306
McCormick Building, Salt Lake City.

FRANK R. MARGETTS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
156 W. S. Temple St. Salt Lake City.

H. L. PICKETT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Mining Litigation a Specialty.
Nos. 81 and 82 COMMERCIAL BUILDING.
Reference, Commercial National Bank.

NAT WARD FITZ-GERALD,
Land & Mining Att'y also Patents & Pensions.
O'Meara Block, Salt Lake.

POWERS, STRAUP AND
LIPPMAN,
Attorneys and Counselors.
EAGLE BLOCK, SALT LAKE CITY.

EUGENE LEWIS,
Attorney at Law,
117 Commercial Block, Salt Lake City.
—Real Estate Loans.—

R. N. BASKIN. E. D. HOGE.
BASKIN & HOGE,
Attorneys-at-Law,
140 SOUTH MAIN.....

A. J. WEBER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
2408 Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah.

SAMUEL A. KING,
Attorney.
First National Bank Building,
PROVO, UTAH.

HARRIS & WILSON,
NO. 15 WEST
SECOND SOUTH ST.
Fire Insurance

ALEX. I. WYATT,
Jeweler and Optician.
Out-of-town orders filled same day as received.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED.
172 Main St., Salt Lake City

BABY'S PICTURE
Looks best when you take it yourself. Buy a KODAK and take the whole family or anything else you want to preserve. We have them from \$1.00 up. Also ice skates, athletic and sporting goods.

Browning Bros.,
Illustrated Catalogue free. 155 MAIN STREET.

M. KOPP, MANUFACTURER OF
FINE CANDIES
AND CONFECTIONERS' SUPPLIES.
Jobber of Nuts, Etc. Telephone 301.
117 & West Temple, Salt Lake City.

FRED C. LYNGBERG
The Popular Cash Grocer is now located in his new store, 30 and 32 East First South.
Everything the market affords always on hand. Go and see him,
New Store!
New Goods!
Best Service!

M. E. MULVEY & Co.
Wholesalers and Retailers of
Whiskies, Wines,
Brandy, Cigars,
ETC.
213 SOUTH MAIN STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

R. K. Thomas
Dry Goods.....

O. R. MEREDITH,
TRUNK FACTORY. : : :
Bicycles and Trunk Repairing.
1529 E. First South

NEW Designs in Carpets.
MILES OF WORDS
Printed in any catalogue or newspaper cannot begin to describe the Beauty and Quality of the newest
CARPETS.
Visit our salesrooms and see them displayed in bewildering variety.
Not a question of do you like any? But which do you like best? It's hard to choose.
H. Dinwoodey Furniture Co.
Sole agents for Youmans' New York Hat—The Leader. We also carry Stetson's and other fine hats.

W. P. Noble Mercantile Co.
155 Main Street.
HATS, CAPS & GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

The Security ABSTRACT
COMPANY
Capital, \$75,000.00
Office under Deseret National Bank.
TELEPHONE NO. 142.

WHEN
BUYING SHOES
Why not buy the best there is for the money on the market.
ROBINSON BROS.,
The Shoe Builders, manufacturers them.
35 W. FIRST SOUTH ST. SALT LAKE CITY.

Co-operative Furniture Co.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE
CARPETS
And Upholstery Goods, etc.
Bicycles and Baby Carriages.
Best Goods and Best Prices.
11 AND 13 MAIN STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY.

Barnes-Hardy Co.
28-30 Main Street.
Lowest prices for Family supplies,
Dry Goods, Shoes, etc.
TRY THEM.

H. G. KEELEY,
Telephone 27. Manufacturer
of Pure Ice Cream, Water
Ices, Candies, Home-Made
Bread and Cakes.
266 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY
o—Telephone 574—o

Washington Market.
313 Main St., Salt Lake City,
DAY, ROWE & Co., Props.,
Dealers in Meats, Groceries, Fish, Poultry and Provisions.

Utah Poultry and
Produce Commission Co.
103 W. FIRST SOUTH ST.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
WALTER L. PRICE, Manager.

INSTRUCTIONS IN OIL PAINTING
AND ART NEEDLE WORK.
OIL PAINTINGS FOR SALE BY
MRS. J. F. TAYLOR
—Artist.
Student of the Chicago Art Institute. STUDIO
NO. 710 MAIN ST.